

Successful enactment of the ritual tenets without deviance will open the inner eye, allowing the magician to *see* and comprehend things which he/she was not able, due to mental programming, to see or comprehend before. Liberated from the smothering forces of the Root Social Matrix the true self will begin to emerge from the depths of the subconscious mind. The true (higher) self can lead the magician towards the accomplishment of his or her true purpose.

The Hall of Calliope

An example of literary evocation

Letter: Xavier Mattise to his agent Brena Halloway, dated October 11, 2002:

I realize that you have not heard from me in the better part of two months, though perhaps, god willing, some word regarding my current condition has been passed on to you by our mutual acquaintance, Kira Cane. I fully understand that our relationship implies a tacit obligation on my part to keep you updated on such seemingly innocuous matters as my whereabouts, and the progress of my newest paintings. Without such correspondence on my part, it would be foolish to assume that a fruitful business relationship could be maintained.

Therefore, I beg of you to forgive my blatant lapse of etiquette, for I have been subject to a profoundly disturbing experience here in Greece, which has left me shaken and unsure as to whether I shall ever set paint to canvas again. Perhaps, if you will consider the events which have led to my self-imposed isolation, you will be able to accept my apologies, and allow me the time I so desperately need to come to a final decision regarding my artistic future, or lack thereof.

As you well know, my seminal exhibition at the Blue Beach Gallery in Los Angeles was a major triumph. Due to your tireless promotion, my paintings managed to completely sell out, and in the process, I established my name, however briefly, in the upper echelon of modern artists after nearly a decade of bitter struggle.

After bidding farewell to the final guests, and downing a celebratory glass of wine, I retired to my apartment, where I shed tears of joy. For the first time in my all-too bitter life I had been allowed a sip of the sweet nectar of success. I was in the mood to celebrate. I had made over ten thousand dollars that night and wanted to travel, go